

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Afternoon.
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Sunday, Aug. 13, 1933



Bison in Color on the Roof of the Cave of Altamira, Spain, Considered One of the Most Perfect Masterpieces of the Cave-Dwellers' Art.

A Very Ingenious Piece of Drawing by a Cave Artist. Representing a Bison Lying Down, in the Cave of Altamira, Spain.

ONE of the most fascinating and puzzling problems now engaging the attention of scientists and archeologists is the development of art among prehistoric men.

Why did men turn to art so early? What was the impulse that drove them? Just what objects did they have in mind?

Thirty thousand years and more ago the cave-men, widely scattered over the world, were engaged in decorating the walls of their shelters with pictures executed with remarkable skill. These prehistoric drawings reached their greatest perfection in the numerous caves of Southern France and Northern Spain, conspicuous among which are the caves of Font-de-Gaume and Altamira. But other artists were also working in such widely scattered regions as Argentina and China.

Thousands of years before men knew how to make houses or clothes or supply themselves with the simplest comforts, they were painting very creditable pictures. Always in danger from monstrous wild beasts, exposed to the severity of the weather, they strove with tireless industry in their damp, gloomy caves to make the best possible pictures. They were constantly hunting for new color materials, which they found largely in colored earths and burnt woods.

Science has discovered, reproduced and identified the subjects of great numbers of these prehistoric drawings. Now the most interesting question perhaps to decide is why these primitive men worked so hard at their art. The superficial idea sometimes expressed that they just worked for the love of art has been discouraged by scholarly investigators like Professor Spengler, of Queen's College, Oxford.

He considers it more reasonable to believe that the pictures were connected with religion, magic, securing game, fertilizing the crops, controlling women and other important matters. The artists, through their pictures, secured wealth in the form of skins and provisions and ruled the community.

To the ordinary man it seems as if these prehistoric people must have preferred amusing themselves to doing hard work. Therefore the cleverest of them spent their time painting pictures, probably not overworking themselves, while the rest of the community supplied them with food and materials free, so that they might have the pleasure of looking at their spirited creations. The relics indicate that these people had made little progress in the arts that contribute most to the comfort of life, such as building houses and making clothes.

They were rather like a crowd of modern artists who live in a barn or fish-house and don't care what they wear, but follow art for art's sake. But this view does not meet with the approval of many of the scientific archeologists, who find traces of a complicated religious system in many of the prehistoric drawings. The scientists think their ideas were highly developed along a few lines, and perhaps if they had continued to progress they would have been more intelligent than any people of today, and very different from them, but it is supposed that such artists as those of Altamira and Albiocac have left no descendants.

In the better executed pictures there is nearly always evidence of some purpose beyond art. Among the paleolithic paintings in the rock shelter at Cogul, in Spain, there is a remarkable colored drawing of a group of women moving respectfully around a tall man. The artist was apparently teaching the woman of 30,000 years ago that she must revere man for his strength and superiority.

In many cases food animals, such as bulls and deer are represented as pierced by arrows and spears, suggesting that they were intended to help the hunters to kill their food. There is good reason to believe that the artists made small copies of their wall paintings in bone and stone and sold



Excited Group of Warriors Engaged in a War Dance in the Great Rock Shelter at Albiocac, Spain, Estimated to Be 40,000 Years Old.

Humanity's Earliest Art

Science Trying to Discover Why Prehistoric Man Produced So Many Excellent Pictures Before He Had Learned to Make Proper Clothes



Painting of a Wolf, Colored Red and Black and Toned by Careful Scraping, in the Cave at Font-de-Gaume, Probably 35,000 Years Old.



Spirited Drawing of a Wild Boar in the Cave at Altamira by a Prehistoric Artist, Who Has Represented the Motion of the Animal With Great Skill.

these copies to their neighbors to help them in hunting, fishing and love-making.

It is interesting to watch the development of artistic technique in these drawings of thousands of years ago. The trained observer can watch the primitive artist learning to draw an object as it really appears to the eye and not as it looks to the mind after it has been examined all over. Examples are found where the artist is correct in one part of a drawing and incorrect in another, as where he shows a bison with full face and double horns and only a single leg in front and behind.

The three periods represented by the caves of Southern France and Spain are known as the Aurignacian, Solutrean and Magdalenian. The prehistoric men steadily advanced in artistic power until they could represent motion and action very effectively. Strange to say, they were far in advance in these respects of the earliest civilized races of historic times, such as the Egyptians and the Babylonians. The Magdalenian cave artists disappeared, leaving perhaps no descendants on earth, although the curious Bushmen of South Africa, who became extinct recently, seem to have followed the same school of art.



Brilliant Wall Painting in the Cave of Cogul, Spain, Showing Nine Women Dancing Around a Man in Some Mysterious Ceremony, Men Hunting and Other Scenes.

How the Electric
Laid Beneath
Reside Plants
The Manne
Others to
Only Dr
Assault
Given.

tilizer is practically free from these weed germs. The experimental electric gardens were almost weedless.

The photographs at the upper left show young celery plants grown in electric garden plots and in the usual manner. The seeds for both sets of plants were put in the ground at the same time. The celery raised in soil warmed by electric current is about twice as big as the celery produced in ground heated by the sun and the air. In fact, the stalks from the electric garden were ready for the market a full three weeks ahead of the stalks which Mother Nature turned out in her own wondrous way.

In the photograph of the big garden plot, the dotted line shows the division between rows of celery raised in the usual way and plants grown with the help of electricity. It is plain to see that, in this garden at least, Science has tinkered with Nature and achieved results that are far beyond those that Nature could ever unaided

Of course, whether electric gardening can be done on a large scale and by farmers all over the country remains to be proved in more ambitious experiments than have yet been attempted, but in the nurseries of Horticultural Henderson, at Red Bank, New Jersey, the results of electric gardening on sizeable plots outdoors indicate that the scheme is worthy of serious consideration. In installing the soil-heating wires and of the current for the wires it is said to be small in comparison to made by getting a week ahead of

In many cases they seem to have succeeded, and one of the newest and most interesting of their experiments is what might be called electric gardening. In simple language, this means that the soil in which crops are grown is artificially warmed by wires through which electric current flows. The heat imparted to the soil by the wires is automatically regulated and very definitely speeds up the development of vegetables which form a palatable and important part of the average person's diet.

This ultra-modern method of raising crops, which still is in the experimental stage, is being worked out by Peter Henderson, a well-known American horticulturist, and electrical engineers. The first experiments were carried out in special hot-beds, and the plants grown in these beds were transplanted in ordinary garden plots—but the results indicate that the idea of electric

gardening can be profitably carried out on a large scale.

The photograph at the upper right shows how the wiring is done in an electric garden. At the bottom is a layer of ashes, covered by ordinary wire-mesh fencing. This is to keep the soil at the bottom of the garden loose and assure good drainage. About an inch below the wire-mesh and imbedded in soil are the resistive wires through which electric current flows, thus heating the soil.

A thermostat hooked into the power line automatically regulates the amount of "juice" that flows through the line. No matter what the temperature of the air may be

If the mercury is high—**ANY** 75 degrees— a small amount of current goes through the wires, but if the temperature drops to 40 degrees and the soil begins to cool off, the thermostat lets more current into the circuit and keeps the ground at the **best** temperature to **assure** rapid and steady growth.

In electric gardening, commercial fertilizer instead of manure is used. This, in the opinion of the experimenters, is

an advantage, because part of the function of manure is to supply heat to the soil, and this heat is pro-

cured at the expense of unwanted weeds, the seeds of which are imbedded in the manure. Man-made fer-

in comparison to the profits to be made by getting crops to the market weeks ahead of the season.

—To Right—

The Sculpture Is Well Executed and Dates Back to the Cliff Dwellers of Prehistoric Colorado.

LONG before the author of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" was born—even before Notre Dame itself was founded

—there roamed in the vicinity of the ancient cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde, Colorado, a hunchbacked redman, whose very aspect must have frightened the Indian children and sent them running to their mothers. Probably this ancient Indian, whose likeness has been left in volcanic stone by some prehistoric sculptor of the cliff dwellers, lived centuries before Christ was born, and impressed the Colorado aborigines that one of them carved out a miniature statue of the misshapen figure in rock. So believes Franklin R. Johnston, Pasadena archaeologist, who recently unearthed the stone figure while excavating a prehistoric refuse-burial heap near Mesa Verde.

It was not until the scientist reached solid bedrock that his trowel and whiskbroom uncovered the stone figure of the old hunchback of Mesa Verde. Around it lay a human skeleton whose bones returned to dust at touch.

Because the figure shows no indication that the original model wore any clothing—not even the common breechcloth of later-day Indians—it is believed that when it was carved the cliff dwellers had not yet evolved wearing apparel of any kind. But despite this, the sculptor shows in his work a high degree of intelligence and artistry, because every detail, even to the expression of the face, has been brought out clearly.

It is also the archeologist's opinion that the hunchback of Mesa Verde was among the first aborigines to take up their abode there, building the earliest cliff dwellings. Johnston believes that the hunchback might have come into the world horribly misshapen, but probably was a normal young redskin who fell from one of the cliffs and was so severely injured that his bones knitted together erratically, giving him an enormous hunch in the spine.

There is little doubt in the archeologist's mind that the skeleton remains buried with the figure were those of the original hunchback himself.

The curious statue of the Hunchback of Mesa Verde stands a trifle less than six inches high, bent over, as it is. Proof that its original owners handled it a great deal is shown by the fact that the rough, hard, black basalt has been worn smooth, in some spots having a high polish from contact with human hands.

Distance Lends
Enchantment to
the Outlook of
the Kitty, Safely
Out of the Pup's
Reach. The
Photograph Won
a Prize in a
Recent Snapshot
Exhibition
in London.

PROFESSOR JOHN B. MORGAN, of Northwestern University, has invented a "sleeping machine" for harassed Wall Streeters, inveterate drinkers, overworked business men with the "jitters," children with the colic, and others who find it hard to relax in the arms of Morpheus.

The professor, connected with the Psychology Department of the university, discovered sounds, which he calls "sleeping machine," that are soothing enough to put the average person to sleep. The drone of the motor—run by electricity—which comes from the box-like contraption that is the sleeping machine, can be compared to the sound of waves lapping on a shore. Anyone who has lived near the ocean can testify to the sleep-giving effect the soft swish of waves at night have on even the most

By listening to the revolutions of the small motor, which whirs for a half-minute, recedes for another half, and then repeats the performance, the professor is pretty sure that he can get almost anyone to "go bye-bye." He admits, however, that his machine has yet to be thoroughly tested and is a little doubtful that the contraption will be as successful with the "Introvert" as the "extrovert."

The "introvert," which he believes a rather difficult subject to put to sleep, is a person not easily moved by outside influences.

The pace of the motor drone is scaled to the subject's breathing. As his machine is perfected, the inventor expects to have a handy regulator attached so that one may have a very slow drone or a faster one, according to the pulse beat of the individual.

After Professor Morgan had introduced this "mechanical sandman" to his class in psychology, he asked for a volunteer with whom to experiment. Miss Dorothy Morgan, a graduate student of the university (and no relation to the instructor),

Foes Pose for

A PROFESSIONAL photographer on his way to make some camera studies of youngsters, in the hope of getting a pose or two worth entering in the annual Photographic Exhibition, had the good luck to snap the remarkable picture shown at the right. With the amusing 'shot' he took one of the major prizes.

The picture-man, loaded down with camera, tripod and a case filled with plates, leaped over the fence seen in the background and set up his apparatus, when he saw the cat leaping across the lawn with its front paws reaching out for the

tor), volunteered, determined that the machine should not put her to sleep.

Electrodes were strapped to her right wrist to register her nerve activity, a rubber bulb was placed in her left hand to show her pulse, a blood pressure meter was attached to her foot and another instrument was strapped around her chest to measure her breathing.

The motor was turned on and presently one dial showed her foot was asleep. Her arms felt drowsy. Her breathing slowed and then the dial indicated she was sleeping soundly—all in a period of five minutes.

Prize Picture

She did, with alacrity, and the dog put his paws on the base of the tree and yelped his chagrin. Neither pursuer nor pursued paid the least attention to the photographer, who finally focussed his lens on the tableau and made have a dozen pictures before the dog took himself off in search of other game.

The "shot" reproduced on this page was judged the best cat-and-dog picture entered in the British Photographic Exhibition in many years.

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plain that the cat would climb the leafless tree trunk, which was the only place of refuge in the vicinity.

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WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Catella Girl's Nationality of the Way She Kisses

M. Dekobra, of Paris, Distinguished Writer and Explorer, Classifies the Characteristic Caress of Civilized Women After Patient Experiments With Thousands of Lovely Living Lips

AMERICAN.
The Lips Form an Alluring Cupped Ellipse. The Kiss, Jerky in Style, Is Characterized by Alternative Applications of the Lips, Which Advance and Recede.

The Typical Imprints of the Mouths of Women of Twelve Countries and Races Collected by M. Dekobra—

PARIS, August 4.
MAURICE DEKOBRA, distinguished French writer, philosopher and globe-trotter, recently aroused wide interest by saying he could tell, blindfolded or in the dark, an American girl from a Parisienne by the way they kissed. In fact, M. Dekobra went on, he could tell any woman's nationality by the way she kissed, because each race had its own characteristic way of performing this ancient and pleasant caress.

Having early become interested in the scientific study of the kiss, M. Dekobra had pursued these studies patiently, self-scientifically and painstakingly, carrying on experiments with 100,000 women more or less, in all parts of the civilized world until he had acquired the same proficiency in intimate lip-reading as the wine-taster does in calling off vintages. In fact, not only could the nationality be told, but in many cases he could predict whether the kiss would be, for example, a successful prima donna or actress, or what emotional role could best suit her.

And then M. Dekobra showed a set of twelve characteristic mouths of beautiful women who had imprinted them for his laboratory, and learnedly told the differences between each.

"The lips of the typical American girl are of the cupid's bow type. Most alluringly they form a crushed ellipse, somewhat rough in shape as it dips into the sub-nasal furrow. (The sub-nasal furrow is the little channel running down the middle of the upper lip, from the base of the nose.) The kiss is jerky in style, not smooth and continuous, and is characterized by an alternative application of the lips which rapidly advance and recede.

"The Parisian girl's kiss is the most delightful climat of art. You can always recognize her in the dark. The edges of her lips are deliciously rounded and the exquisite curves give a winsome character to the mouth. Her kisses vary greatly according to time and circumstances. Contact is accomplished with perfect abandon and the effect is magical.

"The German girl's kiss is substantial and satisfying. The glacial foundation of the lips is full and rich and they produce an agreeable, velvety and mobile impression. With this kiss there is a continuous murmur as her lips make contact with the opposing lips. The adorable Frau then moves them with a circular motion, which I have checked as agreeing with a metronome set at 30.

"The English girl's kiss has a rare quality. Her mouth often seems to take the form of three little bud-leaves pursuing a desired object. Her kiss is casual only in appearance, and in reality profoundly subtle in its abandon. An interesting feature of this delightful romance is the unexpected.

"The Spanish woman's kiss is generally reputed to be the most ardent, and this reputation is not without reason. Usually she is gifted with lips of extreme mobility. Her kiss is often violent, sometimes mad and is apt to develop a biting tendency.

"The Italian girl's kiss is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The muscles of the mouth form an enticing sphere. Her kiss has the rare charm of being by turn quivering, vibratory and impetuous.

"Turkish lips have a charm which is too little known. The ready covering is rather full and much of the strange fascination of the Turkish kiss is due to the asty softness of the lips.

"The Viennese kiss justly enjoys a

SPANISH.
Extreme Mobility of Anterior Surface. The Kiss Is Violent, Mad, Tyrannical, With a Mordant Tendency.

ITALIAN.
The Design of the Lips Conforms to the Canons of Classical Beauty. The Kiss Has the Rare Peculiarity of Being by Turns Quivering, Vibratory and Impetuous.

BRAZILIAN.
The Mental Labor Furrow Is Very Marked. The Kiss Is Progressive. With a Pressure at 45 Degrees on the Nasal Axis of the Face of the Partner.

GERMAN.
Lips Agreeable, Velvety and Mobile. The Characteristic of the Kiss Is Warmth, With a Motion in Perfect Rhythm to a Metronome Set at 80.

VIENNESE.
Upper Lip Almost Similar to Lower. The Kiss Is Gentle, With a Tendency to Touch Lightly Without Excessive Pressure.

ENGLISH.
Mouth Has the Shape of Three Plump Cylinders. The Kiss Is Nonchalant in Appearance, But Subtle in Its Abandon.

—And Under Each Imprint His Condensed Description of the Lips and the Quality of the Kiss.

Such kisses as belong to early days, Where heart and soul, and sense, in concert move, And the blood's lava, and the pulse abates, Each kiss a heart-quake—for a kiss's strength, I think, it must be reckoned by its length."

An excellent prose definition of a kiss is given by the scholarly English writer and traveler, Halliart:

"Kissing is as old as the creation, and yet as young and fresh as ever. Depend upon it, Eve learned of it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues, and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it."

However, the early American writer, Bovee, has left a definition which is hard to surpass: "Four sweet lips, two pure souls, and one undying affection—these are love's pretty ingredients for a kiss."

It will be hard of course, that Mr. Dekobra's conception of the kiss is more advanced, complicated and sophisticated than the simple early American's.

The artistic value of such studies of the kiss are not undertaken by the self-sacrificing Mr. Dekobra, who is widely recognized. While collecting "copy" for his latest book he had made a stay at Hollywood, where one of the big studios has established a school of instruction in kissing for whoever experienced a screen artist may be in real life, she does not necessarily know how to execute a kiss that will satisfy a film.

There are seven different varieties of screen kisses, and only two of them are learned easily. Unfortunately, these are the least important of the seven. One is the "duty kiss" given to the wife by the long married, indifferent husband before running for the 9:15. The other is the mother's kiss of her baby. This is complicated a little by the fact that the baby is rented from a business-like real mother with a contract containing a clause that the child must not be kissed on its stoutest.

The unworldly kiss-against-his-will implanted by the villain on the innocent lips of the poor little heroine is much easier than the "chuck kiss" her face does not need to be in beautiful repose. In fact, it must be full of surprise and righteous indignation, and if the cords of her neck stand out a bit in the struggle they will hardly be noticed. Nobody will know whether the villain's collar is wrinkled in his ruthless leanness.

Even this simple catch-as-catch-can kind of kiss may go wrong, as a pretty little motion picture school beginner proved the other day. She was to be rudely seized and kissed. The moment she felt that that was what happened, she was to break away and give the horrified man a good swinging box on the ear to prove she wasn't a slave of the horror. The kiss went off fairly well, though the kissed one showed more stalling than indignation, but when it was over she forgot to get mad and stared limply in his bold, bad arms as if waiting for another kiss. The director marched up and made comments which caused the young woman to bite her lip and on the next kiss try to knock the nice villain's head almost off.

It is expected that new refinements and greater accuracy will be introduced into Hollywood kissing as a result of Mr. Dekobra's researches.



Miss Doris Eaton, of the Talented Third Family, Whose Lips Have Been Identified by Artists as the Perfect Cupid's Bow, and Therefore, the Characteristic American Type.



Evelyn Laye, the English Actress, Whose Mouth Is Supposed to Be the Best of Typical English Ones.



The Lips of Mademoiselle Jane Marnac, Called in France the Perfect Mouth of the Parisienne.

high reputation. It is gentle, with a tendency to touch lightly the mouth of the loved one.

"It is not surprising to find that the Hungarian kiss differs markedly from the Viennese, although practiced at the comparatively nearby capital of Budapest. The line of the Hungarian lip from nose to mouth has a downward curve, which gives the mouth a slight, but delightfully ironic expression. The kiss is spontaneous, masterful and overwhelming.

"Scandinavian lips have an elusive charm different from all others. The upper lip is thin. The kiss is not possessive but insinuating, often with a caressing sideways or circular motion.

"The Slav kiss has uncommon charm. The formation of the mouth is deceptive in its cleverly calculated impression that is dissipated when it is excited into activity. The kiss is deceptive in its cleverly calculated languor and may lead to madness—or to repetition.

"When we venture to Brazil we naturally meet the exotic in the form of kisses. A peculiarity of the Brazilian girl's mouth is that the furrow down the chin is very marked. The kiss is progressive, increasing pressure on the face of the partner."

It is hardly necessary to explain that that much discussed query, "sex appeal," is closely bound up with the manner of kissing. The experienced Mr. Dekobra was kind enough to define sex appeal as displayed by three of the principal nations of the world. Here are his definitions:

"American sex appeal—4 offended virtue; 4 romanticism of 1890; 4 business; 4 law suit for breach of promise.

"French sex appeal—3-10 coquetry;

The Perfect Chinese Lips—the Essential Characteristics of These M. Dekobra Has Still to Study and Describe.

2-10 charm; 4-10 comelier eyes; 1-10 lip rouge. "German sex appeal—1-3 morbidity; 1-3 nudism; 1-3 Brown Shirt."

Many of Mr. Dekobra's interesting ideas have been set forth in his works, "Le Geste de l'Amour" (Phyrene's Gesture) and "La Rue des Bouches Pointes" (Encounters with Painted Lips). A glance at his studio and work room in the Rue de Valenciennes, Paris, suggests his wide and varied experiences. The walls are adorned with signed photographs of Lili Damita, Elaine Hickman, Lina Cavalieri, Muriel, Molina von Kluck, daughter of the German general who lost the Battle of the Marne, and other famous beauties.

He treasures a water-color portrait of Peggy Joyce, which was painted by herself, and given by her to him



M. Maurice Dekobra and, Above Him, One of the Ducked-Billed Women of Ubahuz, Whose Kiss Anybody Would Certainly Be Likely to Recognize in the Dark Without Previous Experimentation.

indications as "Violently," "Correctly," "Passionately," "Calmly," etc. Nearby is a niche in which stands an image of Lakshmi, the Hindu goddess of love and happiness, who it is alleged can only be kissed by "a man who has been reborn."

In addition to seeking world-wide personal experiments with the kiss Mr.

with a dedication. Mr. Dekobra was a member of the Legion that fought for the Poles against the Russians shortly after the World War. That experience explains the mastery way he is able to analyze the Slav kiss.

Connected with his studio is an interesting and original "Submarine Bar." The bar possesses a steering wheel, which the owner calls "Love's Lottery," as the speaker bears such

"As if he plucked up kisses by the roots that grew upon my lips. In a more lyrical strain Shakespeare writes: 'Take, O take those lips away That so sweetly were forsworn.' A curious remark is made by the English writer, Charles Buxton, who says: 'Then kiss'd me hard; 'As if he plucked up kisses by the roots that grew upon my lips. In a more lyrical strain Shakespeare writes: 'Take, O take those lips away That so sweetly were forsworn.' A curious remark is made by the English writer, Charles Buxton, who says: 'Then kiss'd me hard; 'As if he plucked up kisses by the roots that grew upon my lips. In a more lyrical strain Shakespeare writes: 'Take, O take those lips away That so sweetly were forsworn.' A curious remark is made by the English writer, Charles Buxton, who says: 'Then kiss'd me hard; 'As if he plucked up kisses by the roots that grew upon my lips. In a more lyrical strain Shakespeare writes: 'Take, O take those lips away That so sweetly were forsworn.' 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The Tombstone "Fireside" That Takes Romance Into the Cemetery



William Rubin, of Los Angeles, Who Conceived the Idea of the Romantic Tombstone as a Symbol of His Life's Happiness and Contentment.

ONE of the most original graveyards in the country—a monument erected to the memory of a man and a woman who are still among the living—stands in the Home of Peace Cemetery, Los Angeles. Instead of being the usual slab or block of stone inscribed with the names of those who have gone to whatever reward lies beyond the grave, the memorial is a reproduction of a fireside—two easy chairs pulled beside a cheery blaze made by the steady, romantic burn-

THE UNFINISHED FIRESIDE

1875
THESE VACANT CHAIRS TO REMIND BRING
ROMANTIC SPRING OF LIFE.
TWO HEARTS UNITED
TO BUILD THIS FIRESIDE.

1900
RADIANT IS SILVER ENLIGHTENMENT
ELEGANT SUMMER OF LIFE.
CLOUTEN AND BURNING BLOSSOMS
STRENGTHENED THEIR FIRESIDE.

1925
MELLOWED WITH GOLD ENLIGHTENMENT
TO TRIUMPHANT AUTUMN OF LIFE.
DEVOTION AND GLOUOUS TREASURES
FILL THEIR FIRESIDE.

PERFORMING IN PEACE AND CONTENTMENT
TOLERANT WINTER OF LIFE.
EMBRACING IN SWEET RECOLLECTION
EACH YEAR AT THEIR FIRESIDE.

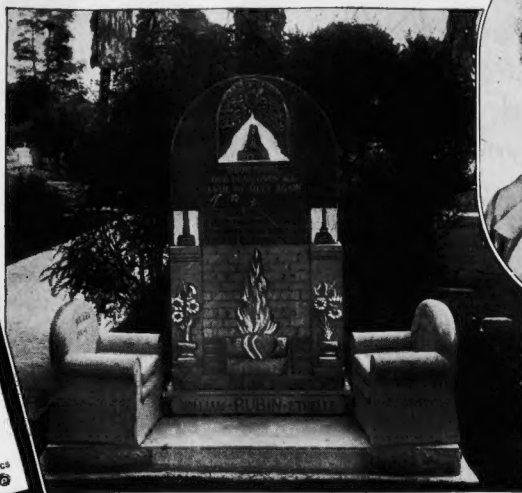
19
COUNTING JOYS AND BLESSINGS
REMEMBERING SORROW AND TEARS
TO REMEMBERING EACH PRECIOUS LOVED ONE
GATHERING GIFTS THROUGH THE YEARS.

THE FLAME OF LIFE LIVES ON!
CANDLES FLICKER AND FADE
HAPPINESS BURNS WITH THE LIVES
UNFINISHED THE FIRESIDE WAITS.

19
TWO DREAM-LOVE SEALS UNITED
UNDER GOD'S SWEETENING WINGS
EVERY FOREVER STAND THEIR CHAIRS
ETERNITY NOW BLESSED MEMORY BRINGS

Fireside
of a Tablet
Riveted to
the Side of
the Monument.
With Its
Sentimental
Message That
Concludes
an Epitaph.

ing of two loving hearts—the hearts of William and Ethel Rubin. The Rubins were married almost 59 years ago and some years after their wedding they began to think, not sadly, of the sort of resting place that would



The "Unfinished Fireside." With Its Easy Chairs, Erected in the Cemetery in Which Mr. and Mrs. Rubin Will Go to Their Final Rest, They Frequently Visit the Tranquil Spot and Occupy the Chairs, Which They Say, Smilingly, Will Be Vacant Long Enough.

be good and appropriate when the time came to return to the earth, as all men must.

"When I purchased our cemetery plot," said Mr. Rubin, "I began thinking of the kind of monument I would

like to have. I looked at all the memorials in the Home of Peace Cemetery and visited other burial grounds. I studied photographs of monuments erected here and there in this country and in Europe. I noticed that many of them cost huge sums of money but only served to perpetuate the memory of the designers or sculptors, rather than the people for whom they were erected.

"None of the memorials that I saw seemed to me as being particularly fitting for it has long been my belief that a monument should, in its design, express something of the life, the thoughts and the ideals of the deceased.

"When Mrs. Rubin and I were young

Mrs. Ethel Rubin, Who Shares the Sentiment of Her Husband About the Unique Tombstone.

our road was rough, but as we grew older and more settled the road became smoother. We came to realize that no matter how much of a success we might make of earthly life, we must some day place our souls in the hands of our Creator—that our fireside never end. Our memorial grew out of this idea. It is, as the representation of a happy home, an unfinished fireside beside which our empty chairs will remain forever."

There is nothing of the grief of the old song, "The Vacant Chair," in the monument which the Rubins have erected over what is to be their earthly bed. On one side of the memorial there is a tablet engraved with verses which seem to express in words the spirit of the unique tombstone. One of these verses reads:

These vacant chairs to memory bring
Romantic Spring to life.
Two happy hearts united
To build this fireside.
To many people the thought of death is depressing and they never would have their tombstones set up to await their departure from this earth, but to the romantic Rubins death is merely the door from one life to a better and happier one beyond the grave.

A Doorbell "Deaf" to Peddlers

THE increasing activity of peddlers, solicitors and beggars inspired Charles C. Radcliffe, of Toledo, Ohio, to invent a new kind of doorbell which should, he feels, prove a boon to housewives. It is a doorbell which just won't ring unless a ten-cent piece is dropped in a slot.

From the outside the device looks like a neat metal plate with the slot in it and those words plainly printed where all who would ring may read. The words say: "This bell will not ring without inserting dime."

Inside the door there is a sloping metal chute down which the dime slides to establish contact with the electrical circuit which makes the bell ring. A small switch attached to the device breaks the contact so that the ringing can be stopped instantly.

There is one piece of additional equipment that goes with the coin-peddler doorbell. It is a metal cover which slips over the door and the lettering so that callers, hidden or unhidden, will be tempted to deposit money when no other help is at home.



Miss Eva Gardiner, of Chicago, Carbed in a Half-Cloth, Half-Palm Costume.

"Miss Modernism's" Odd Costume

EVERY year certain of Chicago's artists and sculptors stage what they call an Artists and Models' Ball, an affair that brings forth a colorful and curious array of costumes, the like of which are not to be seen at an ordinary masquerade ball. At this party the sky is the limit and there are few curbs on artistic imagination.

The current ball produced many weird and bizarre outfits, but none of them were as odd and imaginative as the abbreviated costume worn by Miss Eva Gardiner, a good-looking young woman who did not mind having her arms and her points to make her look like a pictorial representative of the ultra-modern school of art—she called herself "Miss Modernism" and in the eyes of her artist friends she looked the part, although many of the laymen at the party thought she looked like nothing so much as a human counterpart of one of those camouflage ships that sailed the seas during the days of the World War.

In the material the costume was the simplest one on the floor—it con-

sisted of a garment like a one-piece bathing suit and a small quantity of brightly colored water-color paint. The pigment was put on by one of the artists, a few jagged strokes of it on the costume itself and much more of it on the young woman's shapely arms and legs.

None of the lines were smooth curves such lines it seems are, by the standards of the modernists, old-fashioned, comparatively. The Modernist deals in angles, and "Miss Modernism" was, in keeping with her role, a study in angles that obscured to the eye the natural beauty and symmetry of her well-developed body. But the artists liked her as she was painting and regarded her one of the better prizes for her up-to-date artistic imagination.



J. P. Snyder, English Trainer of Racing Greyhounds, Takes a Newspaper's Prize Dog. Canine Noses Are as Discriminative as His. He Has Learned, as the Thumbprint of Criminals or the Footprints of Babies.



This Housewife Is Not Annoyed Throughout the Day by the Boring of the Doorbell Set Into Action by Peddlers or Other Unwelcome Callers. Friends of the Family Know It, and Others May Read That This New Invention Requires a Caller to Insert a Dime in the Slot Before the Bell Will Ring. Coins Are Not Returned to Those Whom the Housewife Wishes to Keep Away From the Door.

Dancing and Disappearing Clams That Puzzled Fishermen and Scientists

THE lovely clam would seem to be one of the most solid and unexciting of creatures, a simple thing of shell and flesh incapable of doing anything that could vaguely be classed as novel.

Yet, on the coast of Maine, there are clams that jump like Mexican beans and others that stage a disappearing act that would baffle the late Houdini, as it did the most active of the native fishermen and experts on Uncle Sam's Bureau of Fisheries.

It was San England, a Casco Bay fisherman, who, by digging in the flats of Goose Island, gave the world the jumping clam. For good and sufficient reasons he refuses to tell any of his fellow fishermen just where the flats are that yield these jumping clams, but he has brought baskets of the creatures, as he calls them, with their own amazed eyes, seen the jumping clams hop out of their basket to the ground to keep on with their antics, as though they were corn snapping in a popper.

Unlike all the other clams that come from the flats of Goose Island, which have black shells, the clams that behave like Mexican jumping beans are white with pink shading. Inside the shell there is a small muscular formation that other breeds of clam seem to lack. It is San England's guess that the mystery of the jumping clam is, somehow, locked up in this tiny piece of gristle.

Biddeford Pool always has been one of the best clamming grounds on the Maine coast. Every winter, for years, 1,200 bushels of clams were taken out of this place every week for about four months. Hundreds of clam diggers made their living turning the flats over with their hoes at low tide. And then, one day, some years ago the flats of Biddeford Pool began to produce fewer and fewer clams. Almost overnight the spot became clamless.

For upwards of two years the disappearing clams were a mystery that baffled not only the natives, but experts in the Bureau of Fisheries who came all the way from Washington to take samples of the soil and make other

impressive observations. Then, as suddenly as they had gone, the clams came back and they have stayed there ever since.

The accepted explanation of the phenomenon of the disappearing clams was offered by Waldo Verrill, an old resident of Biddeford Pool, who took to watching the flats and saw, when there was only an inch or two of water over the flats, a lot of strange looking crabs—a veritable army of them—digging in the shallow water and nip off the necks of the clams as fast as they could get at them. Mr. Verrill figures that these marauders annihilated practically all the clam life in the Pool and then moved on to other parts, and that it took two years for the ground to recede itself with clams.

Electroplating 4000 Years Ago

A SMALL copper kettle, standing in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, has yielded the secret of electroplating as practiced by the Egyptians more than 4,000 years ago, it was recently revealed by Prof. Colin G. Fink, of Columbia University. The kettle and the basin which accompanied it were made about 2500-2300 B. C., during the Fifth or Sixth Dynasty in Egypt. While cleaning the bowl of the kettle, says Prof. Fink, smooth

patches closely simulating silver were found among rougher areas of a typical old copper color. The silvery appearance also was observed on the basin, but only in scattered spots in the depth of ancient hammer marks which covered the surface.

Tests established conclusively that the base metal of both kettle and basin was copper and that the silvery plating noted particularly on the kettle was a thin coating of metallic antimony, with a small amount of iron as impurity.

Miss Eva Gardiner, of Chicago, Carbed in a Half-Cloth, Half-Palm Costume. Depicting Her as "Miss Modernism," a Rule She Assumed at a Dance Held by Artists and Models.

"We have good reason to believe that pickling baths containing vinegar and salt were used by the ancients for cleaning bronzes after they had been discolored by heating processes," says Prof. Fink. The addition of antimony and contact with iron may have been accidental at first and the plating process repeated intentionally when the results had once been observed."

Knows His Dogs By Their Noses

THE noses of dogs, it seems, have distinguishing combinations of whorls and loops, like the hands and feet of human beings and, like finger prints, no two nose prints are exactly alike.

Mr. J. P. Snyder, the celebrated British breeder and trainer of racing greyhounds, after having one of his valuable dogs stolen, went in for keeping nose-print records of all of his fleet charges. In the photograph he is shown taking a nose print of one of his prize dogs.

Promoters of dog races in Europe have induced many other owners of greyhound kennels to adopt the same system, not only to discourage thieves, but to make sure that there is no substitution of dogs in the entry lists at the racing tracks. It seems that there is as much difference in running dogs as in horses and that considerable betting is done on the outcome of the races.

By a comparison of nose prints, it becomes impossible for the owner of a racing kennel to substitute a faster dog for one that is scheduled for a certain race and, by so doing, deceive the betters and, as the saying goes, upon the dope. There is a movement on foot to make the nose printing compulsory on British and French tracks.

Why Most People Are More or Less Crazy

Science Explains the Curious Behavior of the Human Mind Which Makes Us Hypocrites, Inconsistent and, at Times, Not Very Different From Insane Asylum Inmates

THE more Science studies the insane the more it finds them like everyone else, only more so.

The average person indulges in the same line of crazy mental processes that gets the out-and-out lunatic behind the bars. The principal difference is that he does not carry them far enough to annoy or frighten his neighbors.

Underdressed men often strut around like bantam roosters, boasting of what fighters they are. They are merely suffering from an inferiority complex and not considering crazy unless they carry the fiction too far and perhaps try to kick a policeman. One of those sawed-off men announced that he could thrash the world, but was not called crazy because he happened to do it. His name was Napoleon.

A scrub woman day-dreams so much that she gets to thinking she is the Queen of England, and scrubs the floors of the mental hospital contentedly as long as she is addressed as "Your Majesty." She is crazy because she can't realize that the facts make her claim absurd. A society woman who goes to the theatre and weeps over the plight of a neglected stage is not in the least perturbed because everyone knows she neglects her own children. Such a woman is not crazy, nor consciously a hypocrite, but her mind contains the same sort of reason-proof compartments that sent the scrub woman to the asylum.

But everyone is that way to some extent. The old maid, fleeing from no man marriage, is a harmless character, but it is only a step from that decision to scanning the townfolk of trying to force his attentions on her, and getting him in jail or herself into the observation ward. Still she is no more inconsistent than the business man whose word is as good as his bond, who would lose a million dollars any day rather than go back on a promise made over the telephone, and yet who gleefully swindles the government on his income tax, boasts of freezing things through the custom house and bribes people to get him his free theatre seats.

The "dry" Congressman who drinks is called a hypocrite when he explains that it is all right for him but not for other people. But, then, so is most everybody, though it is hard for anyone to realize that the motives he gives for his acts are seldom the real ones.

Dr. Bernard Hart, physician in psychological medicine of the University College Hospital, London, in his recent book, "The Psychology of Insanity," has set forth how everyone, even those who nobody intimates are insane, hypocritical or even a bit "queer," kid themselves into living a lie, and that they know perfectly well they are wrong. The process is called "rationalizing," and if we were not doing it most of the time we would be too uncomfortable to be of much use.

One of the oldest and commonest ways for people to lie to themselves is by pretending not to want what they want, and to make a virtue of failure. Through the ages, everyone has put out with the mission of becoming as rich, powerful and superior in every way as possible, but until very recent times most everyone was doomed to failure and the wretchedness of poverty.

Many people were not tough-minded enough to admit such a disagreeable fact as total failure. Instead, they turned around and made themselves believe that they did not want success anyway. They took refuge in poverty and humility, living in the deserts and caves, explaining to themselves and everyone else that they were fleeing from wealth, power, women and the devil, exactly like the old maid, fleeing when no man pursued.

Mlle. Paulette Hurlbut, Who Played the Role of Joan of Arc at a Pageant and Put Herself So Completely in That Martyr's Place That She Lost Her Reason and Killed Herself.

These pious hermits not only fled the luxuries of life, but its comforts and deencies, many of them living as filthy and useless existences as they could invent. An antiques and ignorant world made some of them saints, such as Simeon Stylites. Today they would be gathered in as lunatics and their caves fumigated.

Everyone has complexes, some of which govern people's thoughts consciously, sometimes unconsciously. A young man in love has one of the strongest of complexes, coloring every thought and deed, a fact that he and everyone around him well knows. That complex is a tremendous force in his mind that will only be satisfied by marriage. But at the latest moment the girl marries someone else.

The complex, unanalyzed, dominates his brain in all its power, and there is trouble. He must have that girl, but he can't have her. There is the material for a stage drama, and while a drama in the theatre is agreeable, one staged in the brain is devastating. What is to be done?

The only solution the fabled youths' friends can see is for him to try to forget it. Presently, somewhat to their surprise, he brushes her out of his memory and never thinks of her again. But that powerful complex has not been brushed out of his mind, merely out of his stream of consciousness. It lurks in the subconscious, waiting its chance to burst onto the stage of consciousness again. When it does it may land him in a mental hospital, as it did in a case Dr. Hart discusses and which was originally reported by the celebrated psychologist, Jung.

"A man of between thirty and forty years of age, of exceptional intelligence, and an archeologist of note, was originally reported by the celebrated psychologist, Jung.

the outskirts of B. After one of these walks a state of excitement developed, passing rapidly into acute delirium, which led to his removal to the hospital. He was intensely confused, had no idea where he was, and spoke only in short sentences, which nobody understood. Periods of violent excitement were present, during which he attacked all those about him and could not be restrained by the united efforts of several attendants. Gradually the delirium abated, and one day the patient awoke as from a dream, returned to his normal condition and was discharged from the hospital. During the next few years he produced several works of the first rank."

Michael Inik, an Example of the Dangerous-Minded Lunatic. In a Suit Made of Newspaper and Newspaper, Which He Then Present, He Attacked All Those About Him and Could Not Be Restained by the United Efforts of Several Attendants. Gradually the Delirium Abated, and One Day the Patient Awoke as from a Dream, Returned to His Normal Condition and Was Discharged from the Hospital. During the Next Few Years He Produced Several Works of the First Rank.

Then he returned to B, and a few days later was back in the hospital again, this time with different symptoms. He performed complicated gymnastics, spoke of his marvelous muscular power and bodily beauty, announced himself to be a great singer and continually sang love ditties of his own composition. When he came out of this second delirium, Dr. Jung analyzed him as follows:

"During the time the patient was a student at B, he fell in love with a certain lady, and they were in the habit of taking long walks in the neighborhood. The shy and feeling of shame of the student prevented him



Napoleon, Even in Early Youth, Had Dreams of Grandeur and Was Made Fun of Because of His Small Stature. But Napoleon Managed to Keep His Dreams from Languishing and Convert Them Into Effective Action.



Michael Inik, an Example of the Dangerous-Minded Lunatic. In a Suit Made of Newspaper and Newspaper, Which He Then Present, He Attacked All Those About Him and Could Not Be Restained by the United Efforts of Several Attendants. Gradually the Delirium Abated, and One Day the Patient Awoke as from a Dream, Returned to His Normal Condition and Was Discharged from the Hospital. During the Next Few Years He Produced Several Works of the First Rank.

from declaring his passion, and, moreover, marriage at the time was a financial impossibility. After graduation he never saw the lady again, but shortly afterward heard that she had married someone else.

"Throughout he buried himself in his hermit's life and strove to forget. In other words, the complex, painful because of its conflict with reality, was repressed. But though a complex has been repressed, it does not thereby cease to exist. It disappears from consciousness; it is not allowed to play its part in the thoughts and activities of the mind, but it persists underneath, and sooner or later manifests itself by indirect methods, as occurred in this case."

His first return to the old scenes where he had loved and lost was too much for the repressed complex, which struggled to the surface of consciousness and exploded. The content of the patient's mind during the attack is described as follows:

He found himself in the chaos of a



St. Simeon Stylites, Who Lived Thirty Years at Antioch on Top of a Sixty-Foot High Pillar. Today He Would Be Locked Up in an Insane Asylum.

mighty dream; great battles were in progress; he was always in the centre of the light, performing prodigies of valor while the lady watched and awaited him as the prize of victory. This was the period when he blindly attacked those about him and struggled with the attendants.

Then came the final victory—the bride approached, the fictitious drama in his mind was over and he awoke once more to reality and the dull routine of life. The complex was once more suppressed. It will be observed how closely the content of this delirium resembles the ordinary day-dreaming. The difference consists mainly in a degree of dissociation, which lets the complex appear as a hallucination. The ordinary day-dreamer knows he is day-dreaming and is sane; this man did not and was insane.

"The second attack, touched off again by a visit to the old love-haunted scenes, dressed his physical imperfec-

tion by denying them. Though he stuttered, had a harsh voice, could not sing, was stunted and unattractive, his complex satisfied itself by making him sing, orate, do calisthenics and boast of his strength and beauty, thus fulfilling fictitiously all the hopeless desires of his shame complex."

In other words, the facts in reality were so far from what he wished them to be that he could not bear to contemplate the discrepancy. Therefore he pushed his hopeless desires out of his conscious mind into the unconscious, where they waited, repressed and rebellious, for the chance to return and express themselves. On the two occasions when this happened it had to be done by suppressing temporarily his normal consciousness. Had this remained, he would not have been crazy, but merely a conscious day-dreamer.

This is an extreme case, which nobody can fail to recognize, but there are others, in which the complex, instead of deforming the normal consciousness, merely colors it. Had the young man been one of these he might have become one of the many brands of "kill-joy" reformers, a man or woman who is always getting the police to see what a couple is doing, and then striving for laws forbidding most every pleasure, from beer to baseball.

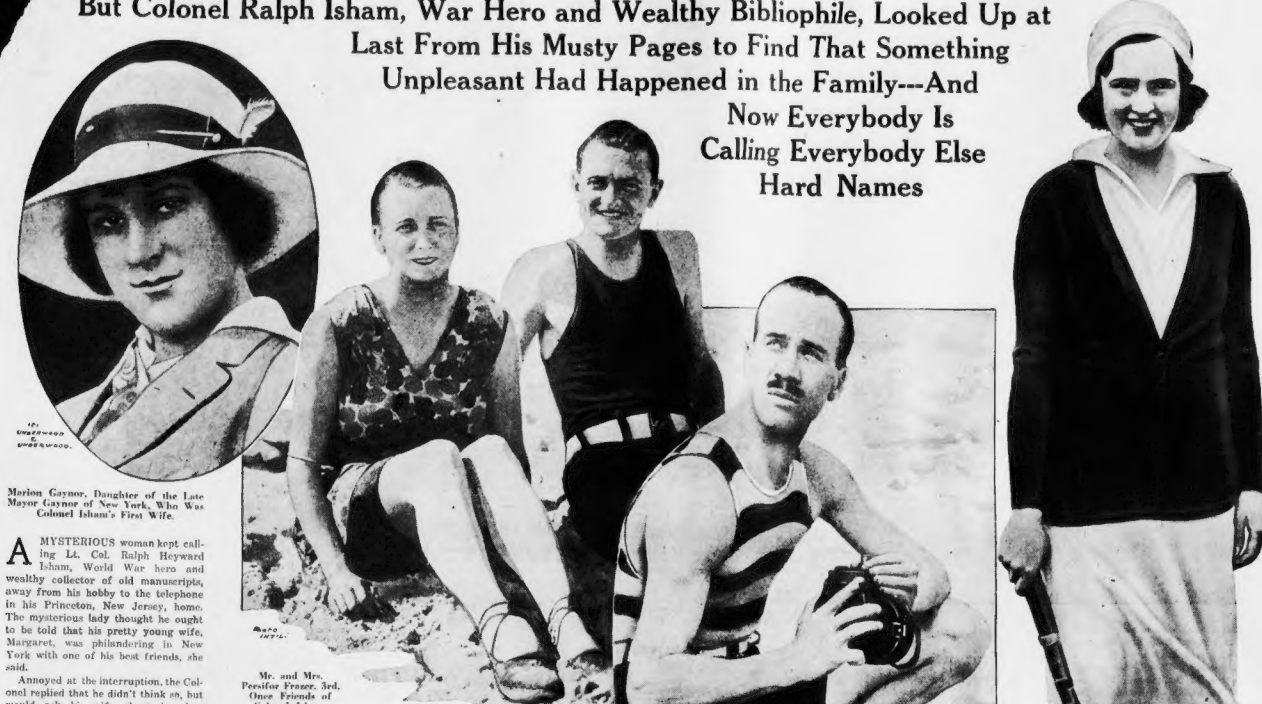
These persons may be entirely sincere in their belief that their puritanical acts are for the benefit of their victims. The truth, however, is that their failure-complex cannot bear the sight of others enjoying what they are doomed to miss. They are unconscious or subconscious hypocrites, rationalizing, as usual, their selfish motives under a benevolent mask. No reformer admits to himself or anyone else that his motive is "sour grapes."

This explains in part the surprising statistics assembled by Dr. John E. Miner, of Johns Hopkins University, who reported in Professor Raymond Pearl's review, "Human Biology," that church membership and religious activity in a community do not improve public morals or decrease crime. Dr. Miner points out that several previous statistical investigations into the relation between church membership and crime indicated that crime was relatively more common among church members than among those who are irreligious.

"Identification" is a common mental twist which can easily become dangerous. It is the pleasure of buying something with a forged check or one then put down the book or leave the bank where he has no funds. A woman imitating the activities of some rich society woman, but having no account at the store, imitates her liberality by just helping herself to something and is arrested as a shoplifter. Yet all around her are a lot of "window shoppers" who are indulging themselves by attending thoughtless "dollars" worth "in their minds." The difference is that one has carried her fictitious identification too far.

Too Busy With His Books He Couldn't Read His Young Wife?

But Colonel Ralph Isham, War Hero and Wealthy Bibliophile, Looked Up at Last From His Musty Pages to Find That Something Unpleasant Had Happened in the Family---And Now Everybody Is Calling Everybody Else Hard Names



Marion Gaynor, Daughter of the Late Mayor Gaynor of New York, Who Was Colonel Isham's First Wife.

A MYSTERIOUS woman kept calling Lt. Col. Ralph Heyward Isham, World War hero and wealthy collector of old manuscripts, away from his hobby to the telephone in his Princeton, New Jersey, home. The mysterious lady thought he ought to be told that his pretty young wife, Margaret, was philandering in New York with one of his best friends, she said.

Annoyed at the interruption, the Colonel replied that he didn't think so, but would ask his wife about it when she came home for dinner. Colonel Isham really meant to ask, but becoming absorbed, perhaps, in the fascinating problem as to whether a small spot on an ancient page of writing was a comma or only a discoloration, the matter may have kept slipping from his mind.

When Mrs. Isham came home to dinner, eager to talk about dresses and things which did not interest him and he was eager to talk about that discoloration or comma problem, which did not interest her a particle, there really seemed no chance to get around to that little matter of alleged infidelity. But the woman kept calling and saying that he ought to do something about it, so finally he did by asking Miss Helen Cohen, his literary secretary, to remind him.

Also, now that he came to think of it, he remembered that his wife had not been living with him as man and wife for some time and had installed a private telephone line in her bedroom, where nobody could hear what she said. Finally, the Colonel got around to asking his wife about the matter, and he says that she confessed.

Mrs. Isham denies that she ever confessed anything and through her lawyer, Richard A. Knight, retorts that it was her husband who was flirting with that same literary secretary, which they both deny. Also, says the wife, the Colonel was cruelly domineering, telling her that a good wife was owned by her husband like a horse and that he tried to park her and the two children with her mother, as if they were so many automobiles. But Dean Christian Goss, of Princeton, and Frederick A. Pottle, professor of English at Yale, have made affidavits of his perfect and courtly behavior to his wife.

Judge Edward J. Glennon, of the New York Supreme Court, must decide who is telling the truth. Meanwhile, he has cut down her demand for \$2,000 a month separation alimony to \$400. The ideal husband, of course, is one that has no work to distract him from paying perpetual attention to his wife and yet has inherited an income big enough to buy her anything her heart desires. Colonel Isham, son of the late Harry H. Isham, railroad magnate, inherited the big income and might have been ideal, but instead of devoting every minute and dollar to serving and decorating his pretty wife, he also took some time on the business of collecting old and costly manuscripts.

And if a wife thinks her husband's life is dead the first time he tries to read his newspaper instead of looking at her at the breakfast table, what must she feel when her husband spends all hours pouring over old musty pages, writing more words about the words that other people had

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Frazer, 3rd, Once Friends of Colonel Isham. But Mr. Frazer Is Now Named in His Divorce Suit as the Co-respondent.

written about the words Boswell wrote about Johnson?

In the following affidavit, Colonel Isham tells the court how he looked up from his books at last to find, so he thought, something unpleasant had happened in the family.

"In the latter part of June, 1932, we took a modest house in Watch Hill, R. I., for the summer. There I met Percival Frazer, 3rd, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Frazer. A mutual friendship developed. Mr. Frazer appeared to be very much interested in my wife. Frazer came to our home constantly and regularly. One night there was a party at the club. I left early because I did not feel well. Mrs. Isham did not get home until 3:30 A. M., telling me she had remained at the party.

"Next day I learned the party had broken up at 1 A. M. She admitted she had gone motoring with Mr. Frazer. Some time in August of last summer, Mrs. Isham's mother, Mrs. Hurt, asked to have a talk with me privately, and said to me at such a talk that I ought to forbid my wife seeing this man Frazer. When I asked her why, she said she did not like the way Frazer acted toward my wife and the manner in which he looked at her. I stated to Mrs. Hurt that while I felt that my wife's conduct might be criticized, I had no fear whatever.

"Frazer left Watch Hill early in October, 1932, and about October 12 Mrs. Isham and myself moved to my home in Princeton. Commencing a few days after our arrival at Princeton, Mrs. Isham refused to live with me as man and wife. We then merely occupied the house in Princeton in separate rooms. This continued right down to January 3, 1933.

"I received a phone call from a woman who said: 'Ralph, do you know that Peg is modeling Percy Frazer in New York?' I said I did not believe it, that I had not forbidden Mrs. Isham to see him, that there was no need for her to see him in that way. This woman said: 'I know, but this is true and he is not good enough for her, and I think you ought to do something to stop it.'

"When my wife returned I asked if she saw Frazer and she said no.

"My suspicions were first aroused when my wife installed a private telephone switch in her bedroom so that she could speak to Frazer privately and directly, but she said it was for private phone conversations with her mother.

"On December 18, 1932, while my



Mrs. Percival Frazer, 3rd, in a Fancy Dress Costume.

wife was in New York, the same woman called up and said: 'Do you know that Peg is with Percival today?' That night my wife denied seeing him. I said: 'If you wish to see him I have no objection, provided that you do nothing that might later make you unhappy.'

"The next morning she again left early for New York City. The same woman called at 3:30 P. M. and said: 'I tell you they are together privately this afternoon, behind closed doors, and I think you are making a great mistake in not doing something about this, because she is getting herself into trouble.'

"My wife arrived in Princeton at 7 P. M. that night and again denied seeing Frazer. I then stated to her: 'I know for a fact that you were with him this afternoon at 3:30 behind closed doors, and you cannot lie to me any more.'

Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham, Snapped on the Beach.

"Mrs. Isham then broke down and began to cry and told me she had been with him that afternoon. She said to me: 'Yes, I have been meeting him. If you want to know the truth, he has been making love to me, he is in love with me madly and has made love to me since some time in October.'

"I then asked her whether she had been intimate with him, whether she had been living with him. She said to me, 'Yes.'

"I then asked her: 'My God, why did you do this to me? I have always told you if you love another man you could have a divorce; you know my sensitive nature, you know how I feel about the sanctity of woman and home, you could have waited a while, and you would not have broken my heart utterly.'

"On December 31 I asked her to telephone Frazer and have him come to Princeton, but he said he was sorry he had to go to Florida that afternoon.

"I then telephoned him myself and Frazer said he would be there at 12 o'clock that day. I confronted him with my wife. I said: 'You have, as a friend, eaten my food and accepted my hospitality over a period of months and then robbed me of all I valued in life. You are the most absolute swine that I have ever met.'

"Frazer replied: 'I am awfully sorry. I am madly in love with Peg. I did not think I would go so far in the beginning, but I could not help myself.' I said: 'Well, you have caused her to lose her honor. What do you intend to do about it?' He answered: 'I would like to marry her, but I spoke to my wife this morning and she refused to give me my freedom.'

"I said: 'Are you going to let it go at that by hiding behind your wife's skirts? You are the kind of man who only wishes to enjoy a woman, but does not want any of the responsibilities attached thereto. Unless you do the right thing by Peg, who is not a fast and loose woman, but who is an angel, I will kill you!'

"Frazer said: 'All right, I will do the right thing by her.' 'I then told him with some heat to get out of my house.'

But Mr. Frazer didn't do anything about it, perhaps because his wife would not let him, or perhaps, as he says, because his relations with the Colonel's wife were "purely platonic." Percival Frazer, 3rd, dismisses everything in the following brief affidavit:

"The charge is a vicious lie. Colonel Isham's belief is an obsession. The charge is utterly false and ridiculous." Mrs. Isham's brother, Harry Hurt, fires the infidelity charge back at his brother-in-law in the following words: "Colonel Isham used Percival Frazer's name only to terrify my sister. He has admitted to me that he had no evidence to back up his charges. On March 10, when Miss Cohen (Colonel Isham's secretary) came in from Glen Cove, Colonel Isham was half drunk and he said he had engaged a suite containing two bedrooms."

"The next morning I arose early and in order to get my hat I had to go into the other bedroom. There in the same bed were Colonel Isham and the other woman asleep. I went downstairs and returned about 1 P. M. and I returned to the suite and found both Colonel Isham and the woman still there and lurching with John Cole, a mutual friend. They left the suite after 7 P. M. He has been flagrantly unfaithful to his wife, treated her outrageously and abandoned her and their children and refused to support them."

Mrs. Hurt, mother of Mrs. Isham, said in her affidavit: "My daughter has been a good and faithful wife for nine years of a sadly ill-natured, half-demented reprobate. She calls Colonel Isham's story about the supposed confession Mrs. Isham made in her presence 'fantastic and weird.'

Being a literary secretary, Miss Cohen goes to even more heavily for long adjectives and adverbs as she denies the charge of intimacy with her employer. She says: "I unequivocally and categorically deny the fiendish and terrible charge made against me by Harry Hurt. I am, unreservedly, that never at any time or on any occasion, did I ever have any intimate relations with Col-

Mrs. Margaret ("Peg") Hurt Isham, Central Figure in the War Hero's Broken Romance.

onel Isham, or, for that matter, with any other man."

The Colonel denied it, too, but being a man, he was able to say so in about a third as many words. To show that Mrs. Hurt's description of the Colonel was nothing more than the conventional mother-in-law opinion of the man who had married her darling daughter, a rather impressive affidavit by Christian Goss, dean of Princeton University, was introduced. The dean said:

"I have known Colonel Isham for the past six years and am happy to count him among my cherished friends. I was first attracted to him by his keen interest and wide knowledge of the great English writers of the 18th century, particularly Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, James Boswell and their circle. He was more familiar with Boswell's relations to the great Frenchmen Voltaire and Rousseau than any scholar I had ever met. He had helped to create a monument to the American scholarship and printing."

"I came to know him so well that I have visited and spent the night at their home in Glen Head and they have each occasion I have been struck by his courtesy and graciousness and by his gentlemanly and friendly attitude toward his wife."

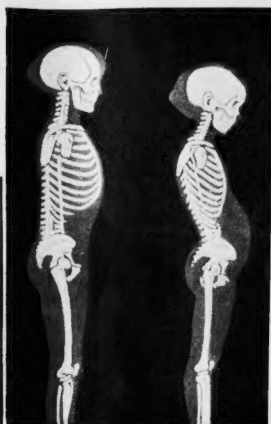
Frederick A. Pottle, professor of English at Yale University, who edited the Boswell manuscripts in Colonel Isham's possession, said this in his behalf: "I have never heard him speak loudly or angrily to her."

Anyway, the Colonel seems to have been a pretty good provider, having presented his wife with a Long Island mansion later sold for nearly a quarter of a million dollars. His first wife was the former Marion Gaynor, daughter of the late Mayor Gaynor, of New York City. Colonel Isham is 44 years old, while his present wife is only 30, which perhaps did not help things.

Games to Make Your Children Healthy

Simple and Interesting Exercises That Will Teach the Little Ones the Best Positions for Physical Fitness

Correct Postures for Standing, Walking, Sitting and Reclining Easily Learned While Youngsters Are at Play



X-Ray Diagram Showing Correct (Left) and Incorrect (Right) Standing Postures of a Child of Five.

—On the Left—

This Little Girl Couldn't Strike a Worse Reading Position If She Tried. Every Organ in Her Body Is Being Injured by the Unnatural Way She Is Doubled Up.

—On the Right—

Photograph Showing Incorrect Position of a Boy at a Writing Desk. His Doubled Up, Cramped Position Interferes With the Proper Working of the Internal Organs.



with him. Twice a day, before bathing the baby in the morning and after undressing him for the night, let him kick and play on a firm, flat bed in a warm room. Ten or twenty minutes of such exercises morning and evening gives the baby added opportunity to develop his muscles.

"By the time he is five or six months old the average baby is able to roll himself over and may try to sit up. He tries to sit up by raising his head by arching his back, by tightening his abdominal muscles, by pulling on the sides of his crib, by pushing with his arms and legs. When his abdominal and other trunk muscles are strong, he will be able to sit

up easily and maintain a sitting position well.

"Let him be free to try as much as he likes, but do not try to make him sit up until he shows by his own efforts that he is ready for it.

"Watch him when he has no clothes on and you will see his abdominal muscles tighten each time he tries to sit up.

"When a baby first sits up he should have his back well supported from the shoulders to the hips. If a strap is used to hold a baby safely in a chair or baby carriage, be sure that he has the proper support at his back, so that he will not have to depend upon the strap alone for support. He should not be left to sway unsteadily or to sit hanging over the strap."

The games, of course, are for children four or five years older. They are planned to strengthen the muscles that hold the body in an erect position and to give the child the "feel" of standing and sitting correctly, even though he is not yet conscious of how he does it. The Labor Department booklet says:

"The games should help the child to form the habit of using his whole body well when he is doing the ordinary things of life such as sitting, standing, and walking. To teach a young child to use his body well is not difficult if appeal is made to his imagination and love of imitation.

"If exercises are presented as games the little child will take part eagerly and he will take more interest in the games if several of his playmates—brothers and sisters or other children—join him in the games. Most children like to act a part or to 'make believe.' Pretending to be a paper doll or a giant is more interesting than doing an exercise. Also it is easy for a little child to understand that to be a paper doll he must flatten his back, and that to be a giant he must stretch himself up to his full height. By means of such imitative games he can learn how to stand well, to pull in his abdomen, to raise his head, and to stand and walk with his feet parallel and toes pointing forward.

"Games that lead to do with the posture of the body as a whole and games that strengthen individual groups of body muscles are given. Let the children play games of different types so as to use various sets of muscles. The games played standing and those played lying down, which teach the child the 'feel' of good posture for the whole body, should be alternated with the more active games, which tend to strengthen special groups of muscles. By such alternation of games the extraordinary position of being too strenuous.

Do not tire nor bore the child by having him play the same games too long. Ten to fifteen minutes of supervised and interesting play is better than a long period of half-hearted play; and a daily short period is better than an occasional long period.

Among the experts consulted by the Children's Bureau in their study of child posture were Dr. Armin Klein, director of the posture clinic of the Massachusetts General Hospital; Miss Leah C. Thomas, director, corrective gymnastics, Smith College; Dr. Frank E. Hahn, superintendent of schools in Chelsea, Mass.; and Dr. Robert B. Osgood, professor of orthopedic surgery, Harvard Medical School.

ALMOST any kind of play is good for a young child, and now special games have been invented to teach correct posture to the youngster of five, or thereabouts. The importance on health of posture in the child of this age is emphasized by the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor in a new booklet, "Good Posture in the Little Child." This has just been issued under the direction of Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, and is the result of ten years' intensive research in child posture, during which experts all over the country were consulted.

"The child who is well nourished and very cheerful, who is alert and vigorous in play, is usually to be the child who holds his body well poised or balanced," says the booklet.

"The child who is thin, pale, listless, and 'always tired' is likely to be the child who stands in a slouchy, drooping position such as is commonly called the 'fatigue posture.'

"This does not mean that every child with good posture will be healthy, nor that every child who has an illness will have bad posture. But it does mean that there usually is a close relation between the child's health and the way he holds his body.

"Good posture is much more than merely 'standing straight'; it is the use of all parts of the body with proper balance, with ease and grace. This proper use of the body is called good body mechanics. The body is in some way like a machine; its parts are accurately adjusted to one another, and if any part is out of correct position the machine does not work perfectly. For example, if the foot is not in good position, the balance of the whole body may be changed.

"When our body is out of balance, some part is likely to be pushed or pulled out of its normal place or to work under a strain. When the body is in correct balance, all its parts, including the internal organs, are held in good position."

The booklet is illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing correct and incorrect posture, and with drawings illustrating the games for teaching the youngster proper posture. Some of these are reproduced in this page.

Parents are warned that very small children must not be expected to hold the same type of posture as their older brothers and sisters. As the little child grows up his posture tends to change. For example, a little child who has just learned to walk is at an age when his abdomen is more prominent than it will be after he grows older. By the time he is five or six years old the muscles of the abdomen should be strong enough to keep it nearly flat.

The habit of holding the body in balance—in good posture—is learned gradually as the child learns to control his body. First, as a baby, he learns to sit up, then to creep, then to take a few steps, and finally to walk. Throughout these stages he is learning slowly how to hold his body in balance. All through childhood he continues to learn this lesson. How well he learns it depends largely on the strength of the muscles that hold the body erect, and these muscles should be gradually growing stronger as he grows older and so he uses them more and more actively.

The Children's Bureau adds: "The little baby gets his exercise by

THE CRAB.



The Children First Lie Flat on Their Backs on the Floor. Then They Raise Themselves Up on Hands and Feet, With Abdomen Up and Backs Toward the Floor. Last of All, They Try to Walk Sidewise "Just Like Crabs."



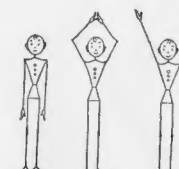
THE RUBBER MAN.

Lying on the Floor With Arms Raised Above the Head, Chin In, and Back Flat Against the Floor, Each Child Pretends He Is Made of Rubber, and Stretches Himself Out So as to Be as Long as Possible. Keeping Their Backs Against the Floor, the Children Expand Their Chests and Stretch Their Arms and Legs While the Following Lines Are Being Said:

Up go hands and down go feet. Now relax and then repeat. Watch this funny long rubber man. See him stretch as far as he can.

THE VERY STRAIGHT MAN.

Each Child Tries to Be Just Like the Very Straight Man Described in the Lines Below. Each One Should Hold His Chin In and His Chest High, Pull In His Abdomen, and Be as Straight as He Can. An Older Child or the Mother Reads or Recites the Verses and the Children May Join in Saying Them. The Children Try to Do What the Very Straight Man Does, and Recite:



We all know a very straight man. Who lives in a very straight house. Right under a very straight tree.

This man takes a very straight walk. This man takes a very straight trip. And a straight jump, one, two, three.



He is straight when he lies on the bed. He is straight when he sits on the floor. He is straight when he kneels on his knee.

He stands up straight by the wall. He reaches up straight toward the sky. Do you know what is straight? Look at me.



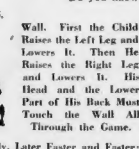
THE CRANE.

To Touch the Knee of the Raised Leg With His Forehead. He Should Then Stand on His Other Leg and Repeat the Game.



The Following Lines Are Said. First Slowly, Later Faster and Faster: I'll make a coat before I sew it. Here are great big scissors. They go snip, snip, snip. Here are great big scissors.

THE SCISSORS.



Wall. First the Child Raises the Left Leg and Lowers It. Then He Raises the Right Leg and Lowers It. His Head and the Lower Part of His Back Must Touch the Wall All Through the Game.

THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER.



Use a Chalk-Line on the Floor or a Crack Between Two Boards to Represent a Tight Rope. The Game Is to Walk This Line With Great Care and Exactness. The "Tight-Rope Walker" Walks on Tiptoes, With Toes Turned In and Heels Turned Out, and Tries to Grasp the Floor With His Toes.



ROLY-POLY.

The Roly-Poly Is a Tumbling Man Who Cannot Be Upset, and to Imitate Him the Children Lie on the Floor With Hands Clasp Their Ankles. Their Knees Are Drawn Up Over Their Chests. Each Roly-Poly Rolls Back and Forth From Lying to Sitting Position and From Side to Side. Finally He Brings Himself Up to the Sitting Position Again. This Game Tends to Make the Spine Flexible.



THE BICYCLE MAN.

Each Child Lies on the Floor, His Hands Over His Head and His Chin Drawn In. The Children Move Their Feet as Though Pedaling a Bicycle, While the Following Lines Are Said: Riding, riding, pushing his feet. The bicycle man comes up the street: Sometimes fast and sometimes slow. It's really a pleasant way to go. Sometimes slow and sometimes fast. Then he stops to rest at last.



BALLOONS.

Each Child First Blows Up His Own Toy Balloon. Then All Toss the Balloons High Overhead. The Object of the Game Is to See How Long the Balloons Can Be Kept in the Air. To Keep the Balloons Up the Children Must Reach and Stretch Up Over and Over Again. Sometimes Using the Right Hand, Sometimes the Left. Children Enjoy Playing With Balloons and Usually Can Keep Them Overhead for Long Periods.



THE ELEPHANT.

The Children Walk on Hands and Feet, Keeping Their Legs Straight, Imitating Elephants. The Knees Must Not Be Bent. The Head Should Be Held High and the Chin In. The Head May Be Swayed From Side to Side in Imitation of the Way an Elephant Swings Its Trunk.

"The baby gets some exercise when his mother holds him in various positions, as she feeds him, dresses and undresses him, bathes him and plays

How the Gigolo Solved His Love Problem

Forced to Decide Between His Rich Old Patroness and Pretty Young Sweetheart, He Pulls Out a Pistol, Piously Cries, "I Leave It to Providence," and Impartially Fires Three Bullets Into Each



The Cafe Monte Carlo in Paris, Where the Tragic Encounter Between the Gigolo and the Two Women Who Loved Him Occurred.

PARIS, August 4. "I CANNOT decide. I leave it to Providence."

With these pious words, the gigolo Baldassare Moschini drew a revolver, rose from his chair in the Cafe Monte Carlo and with careful impartiality fired three bullets into each of his two sweethearts.

The two ladies had insisted that he choose between them and be true to one of them, a most unreasonable demand to make of any gigolo. The way "Providence" settled the question was this:

Mrs. Marguerite Middleton, an English widow of 55, died, while her younger rival, Mlle. Germaine Le Pausen, 28, barely managed to survive. The judge also sentenced the sleek-haired "comforter of women" to the French penal colony at Devil's Island where for fifteen years he will have to be true to all his women.

Fifteen years is a rather light sentence for murdering one woman and almost murdering another, but the court recognized certain extenuating circumstances. Any woman who becomes involved with one of these professional lovers and flatterers must expect to be deceived and cheated and should count herself lucky if she isn't also robbed and blackmailed. To do what these two women did was more or less tempting Providence.

Mrs. Middleton was the typical gigolo victim, a ridiculous, yet pitiable, figure such as the papers of Europe have caricatured and ridiculed in vain. She spent her days at the beauty parlors and the dressmakers, striving to conceal the fact that her days of romance were past. To complete the pretence that she was a fascinating woman hardly more than 30, an illusion that fooled nobody but herself, this elderly lady needed an attentive and good-looking admirer for which Baldassare, the 33-year-old Italian, fitted the bill nicely.

Faithlessly tailored and with soft and flattering manners, it was his business to take Mrs. Middleton to the various restaurants and night haunts of Paris, find her a conspicuous place and, hour after hour, go through the motions of being an adoring lover. Of course, the rich woman paid all the bills, besides a handsome salary to her gigolo.

The gigolo was first heard of as a dancing partner but, nowadays, dancing is the least and easiest part of his sordid and degrading task. Though these persons are held in almost universal contempt, it is not fair to say that they do not work hard for their pay. It is no pleasant or easy job when a young man to make convincing public love to a woman whom he despises as an old fool. But to make things worse, most of them want to take their "bosses' home and keep up an illusion in private.

This involves being a fairly good actor, in fact, the better they usually are too good. Their silly old paymasters forget to be true to them, take the gigolo's words and actions seriously and, like Mrs. Middleton, get to expecting them to be true to them while they are out of sight. This is an unreasonable as to ask a matinee hero to be true in his off-stage, private life to the leading woman he is paid to make love to on the stage.

Ten years ago Mrs. Middleton found the young Italian in Nice, paying what appeared to be devoted attention to an unattractive old woman who had an inattentive husband. The widow won him away and took her prize back to Paris with her. There she put him on



Moschini in the Criminal Dock, With His Lawyer Below Him—But Even This Distinguished Attorney's Eloquence Failed to Save His Client From Fifteen Years on Devil's Island.

a regular salary, bought him a car, set him up in a nice little apartment and all went smoothly until that absurd plement of jealousy intruded. The widow worried about what he was doing while she was undergoing repairs in the beauty shop. It happened that her late husband had left Mrs. Middleton a prosperous tailoring business, so well-organized and with such an old reputation that it ran with very little attention on her part. The English woman thought it would be a clever idea to put her paid boy-friend in charge of her necktie department. In this way she hoped to get some profitable work out of him daytimes and make him too sleepy to do much running around, after she dismissed him at night. But, best of all, she would know where he was all day.

The scheme of combining business with pleasure did not work very well. The gigolo resented the idea, neglected the necktie counter to go joy-riding with other women and belied himself out of the cash register as if he owned the business. His numerous affairs on the side seem to have been rather short-lived until three years ago when he met Mlle. Germaine Le Pausen, who has youth, beauty and money. Germaine was a different type of woman, virtuous and serious-minded, so the resourceful Baldassare used different tactics.

Not telling the girl suspect that he was a gigolo, he told her that he was a partner in the tailoring concern, pretended that his intentions were serious, proposed and was accepted. Recently, somehow, the old lady suspected what was up, had her professional lover-maker shadowed and made him write a letter from Mentone, breaking off the engagement. Baldassare thought he would be able to explain and fix things up at the other end as soon as he got back to Paris.

Unfortunately, Germaine did some investigating and called on the widow. The two women seem to have been charmingly frank in telling each other all about their mutual lover. Mrs. Middleton had been a fool from the start, but Germaine had been deceived about the man's true character. Now

Mlle. Germaine Le Pausen, Who Managed to Survive the Three Bullets Her Gigolo Sweetheart Shot Into Her.

that he had been exposed she should have put him out of her life, thankful to have escaped marriage. But, by this time she was too much in love to be sensible.

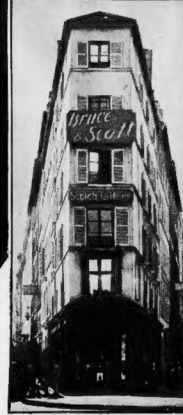
As neither was willing to give the fellow up, both agreed to force him to make the decision between them. The next day Mrs. Middleton made an appointment for the gigolo to meet her at the Cafe Monte Carlo in the heart of the fashionable Ettoile district. Hardly had they sat down than the Italian, to his dismay, saw Germaine enter and join them. He knew he was trapped.

They notified him that he must never see one of them again and must remain absolutely true to the other. But Baldassare could not do this. He wanted to marry the younger woman, but realized that after this exposure the wedding would be postponed for a considerable time for probation. Meanwhile he would need the widow's cash to support himself and court Germaine. These things he could not very well explain to the ladies who both talked at once. For two hours he received a continuous double tongue-lashing, one going into each ear. His nerves became ragged, he was in despair, the thing was beyond his power to decide. With hazy recollection that Solomon had shut two women up by ordering a baby chipped in two, he decided to take equally vigorous measures. In his

pocket was a revolver which at least would stop the double torrent of talk. So he arose, languidly drawing the gun. The sight of it caused the ladies to be silent long enough for him to make his speech about Providence. Then, on the approved principle of "age before beauty," he shot Mrs. Middleton three times, two bullets entering just to the left of her heart and the third time he was ready to give the younger woman the same medicine, she was somewhat prepared and managed to dodge the first bullet, but received one through the left shoulder and another in the stomach.

Throwing the weapon on the floor, Baldassare tried to run out of the place, but the waiters held him for the police. Also, it was probably true, as the Italian says, that they punched him a few times more than was necessary. However, every honest waiter hates these human parasites and yearns for an excuse to sock one. The police sent Germaine to the hospital, Mrs. Middleton to the morgue and took the gigolo to jail.

Baldassare had spent his money faster than he got it, but in France as in other countries, a thoroughly worthless scoundrel who has committed an inexcusable crime never seems to lack the services of an expert, high-priced criminal lawyer. Therefore, at his recent trial before the Tribunal of the



The Fashionable Shop Owned by the Gigolo's English Patroness, Where She Put Him Behind the Neckwear Counter So She Could Keep an Eye on Him.

Seine, he was most eloquently defended by the celebrated M. Moro Guelfi. That able barrister pointed out that everyone knows how the poor gigolo earns his living by pretending passion for unattractive old women and that it was unjust and cruel for these two to confront him at the same time and abuse him for being "all things to all women," which is just what a gigolo is supposed to be. What would be said of the folly of two men if they abused a woman of the streets for two hours because she was not true to each of them?

He asked the court to consider how long any man could retain his sanity while two women yelled at him the love-epithets he had made and each working the other up to continually higher pitches of fury. After two hours of such goading, was it strange that his client had risen up in a moment of temporary insanity and shot both tormentors?

The three judges acknowledged that there was force in the logic of the learned Maître Guelfi, yet it would

hardly do to let the rapidly growing army of Paris gigolos think it could settle arguments with employers with bullets. Thus, though Baldassare escaped the guillotine and even life sentence, he was given fifteen years at hard labor in France's hot and uncomfortable island off the coast of French Guiana.

The Moschini family have thus far exported three gigolos to Paris. Each has the same plastered-down black hair, looking like patent leather and smelling of patchouli, the same teeth, white and regular as piano keys, the same eye-brows, trained to arch in a flattering expression of astonishment, as if overwhelmed at the beauty of every woman they look at, and the same willowy, dim-witted figure. The gigolo laughs at the tradition that women admire the broad-shouldered, bearded man type and deliberately cultivates the reverse, even to effeminacy. Whether Baldassare's trip to Devil's Island will discourage his younger brothers from following in his footsteps remains to be seen.

After all, if a woman wants to hire someone to give her a counterfeit of the real thing, which on an account of age or other reasons she cannot win naturally, there is no law to prevent it. If a woman were passed it would be evaded, like prohibition.

The criminal part comes as a sort of by-product of this fake love. When married women indulge in this, they are usually even older as well as more likely to be worn out by work and responsibility. They are too old for night life, and admit it. Disgusted at seeing their wives pretending to be giddy young things they refuse to accompany them. The wives, therefore, go alone and the gigolos fasten on them. As far as his acting ability permits, he is the perfect substitute for the tired, neglectful old husband until charming "ciggy" has compromised the night old girl. Then the extortion demands for money begin. If she dares refuse they refuse to bleed her for almost her last franc, without bothering to make love.

Christian Kings Whose Tombs Were Filled With Slaughtered Slaves

A Strange Lost African Civilization Brought to Light That Combined Christianity, Egyptian Ritual and Human Sacrifice With Barbaric War and Pageantry

STRANGE, puzzling and highly interesting is the discovery of four tombs of unknown kings at Ballana, near Abu Simbel in Upper Egypt, on the border of the Sahara Desert.

These Kings were thoroughly civilized, crowned in death and their tombs were filled with gems and ornaments of beautiful design. Upon many of them appeared the cross and other Christian symbols. The crowns were like those of the ancient Pharaohs. But the strangest detail of all was that the tombs were guarded by the skeletons of slaughtered slaves.

What kind of people were they who followed Christianity and practiced human sacrifices, when they shared much of the faith of the Pharaohs? This land in the country generally called Nubia, which is a part of Ethiopia, they had reached a considerable stage of civilization, but their minds must have been badly confused. This is the mystery in the problem raised by the discovery.

W. B. Emery and L. P. Kirwan, of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, each tomb consisted of a series of four rooms cut in the solid rock, the walls of skilfully dressed stone supporting vaulted roofs of mud brick.

In an inclined passage led down to the entrance chamber of the tomb, in which lay the bodies of sacrificed slaves. In one of the rooms would be found the body of the King, with his sword to slave and a dog; in another the Queen and another slave in each of the four rooms.

The royal crowns found were purely Egyptian in design. Egyptian gods, emblems and symbols were everywhere.

Each crown was carved in the hand of a Greek and Roman type, surmounted by a Christian cross.

From the figure of a King carved on one crown the people seemed to be typically Southern Egyptian in appearance. They must have acquired their civilization from missionaries from Upper Egypt, Greece, Rome and perhaps other world centers at various times. Perhaps the finest of the crowns, that worn by the King shown in the picture here as he was found lying in his tomb. His head is turned to the right, as if he had rolled over in his sleep. His sword lies between his legs, and there is a bracelet on his right wrist. Upon his left wrist he wears a "bow-guard" that protected his hand from the pull of the bowstring. He was a fighting King and he was buried dressed as he had lived.

His crown is of massive silver, studded with precious stones and bears the head of Khnum, the Egyptian ram god. This crown with the curious raised crescent in front of the cross, clearly showing a Christian character, but the cross is supported by a figure of Eros, a naughty Greek pagan deity. A bronze helmet, surrounded by a cross on the head of a dove, a peculiarly Christian symbol. But two incense-burners were found having the shape of grotesque

Chamber Adjoining a King's Tomb Containing the Skeletons of Slaves Sacrificed at Their Master's Death and Various Objects Including Vases and Lamps



One of the Intact African Tombs Showing the King's Skeleton With His Head Turned and the Crown Falling off, the Sword Between His Legs, the Bracelet on His Right Arm and the Bow-Guard on His Left Wrist. Photo by W. B. Emery.

character. The crown is covered with many interesting figures and symbols, besides the ram's head.

In the chamber adjoining this King's tomb may be seen the skeletons of slaves sacrificed with him, and various objects of a ritual character, including a granite mortar, vases and bronze lamps. One of the other crowns is also of itself shape and bears the ram's head. This is perhaps the most richly decorated of all of them. It is the most thoroughly Egyptian in character and bears a whole history of Egyptian religion in its carvings.

The third of the massive crowns is of the hand type and thickly encrusted with precious stones—chiefly garnets and cornelians—and with small panels containing the eye of Horus. Around the top, as if they were walking in a circle are figures of the uraeus, the cobra with the solar disc.

The ornaments found in the adjoining chambers add to the mystery concerning these people. One bronze lamp is surmounted by the cross, clearly showing a Christian character, but the cross is supported by a figure of Eros, a naughty Greek pagan deity. A bronze helmet, surrounded by a cross on the head of a dove, a peculiarly Christian symbol. But two incense-burners were found having the shape of grotesque

animals and strongly suggestive of Chinese art.

The tombs are thought to be of the fifth to the seventh centuries—about 450 to 650 A.D. This introduces another strange feature, which is that ancient Egyptian customs were lingering in this out-of-the-way part of the world long after they were supposed to have become extinct. The art of some of the objects is said to be Byzantine, another surprising link with the outside world. The whole thing is as mysterious as the lost African civilization described by Pierre Borel in "L'Atlantide."

These relics call up a vision of a strange lost life. It was colorful, warlike and spectacular. The rulers spent their time in strange religious ceremonies and savage wars, and kept their subjects contented or subdued with plunder, paganism and occasional human sacrifice.

The Christianity of the country may be explained by an interesting reference in the New Testament, Acts of the Apostles, chapter 8. It is there described how the good Deacon Philip was told by an angel to follow a certain road leading to Jerusalem, and that there he saw "a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship."

When Philip approached the dusky official's chariot he saw that he was reading from the writings of the prophet Isaiah, and the good Deacon offered to explain the writing to him. When Philip had explained that the prophecy related to Christ, and what the new religion was the treasurer was eager to become a Christian and insisted that Philip baptize him because he believed that "Jesus Christ is the son of God." And this treasurer carried the gospel to his royal mistress, Queen Candace, and thenceforward Christianity became the religion of Ethiopia. This proves that Christianity was introduced into the country, where the tombs have been found, in the time of the Saviour, but they are several centuries later.

Ethiopia and its subdivision Nubia also played an important part in the world in earlier times. It was the land of Cush frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. From here came a large part of the gold that made up the wealth of Egypt, and there is no doubt that adventurers from many parts of the world struggled for the golden treasure that lay there.

At the beginning of the Christian era the part of Ethiopia lying immediately South of Egypt was ruled by a series of Queens, all named Candace, and very efficient rulers they seem to have been. It was her treasurer whom Philip the Deacon met, as already described. Her capital was called Meroe, which has been considerably explored. They had absorbed Egyptian religion as far back as the time of Ikhnaton, father-in-law of Tutankhamen, and easily added Christianity to it.



The Third Crown in the Tombs of Unknown Kings.

The Nubians who formed part of Ethiopia had an important city called Napata, and it is thought that the newly found tombs may be connected with this place. The fact that they were addicted to human sacrifice would not be due to Egyptian influence or to any of the influences of the outside world to which they had been subjected, but is more likely to be explained by their native African blood.

When the Romans conquered Egypt they became incensed with Napata and wiped it out. After that Meroe was the most important town of the region. The land has long been a puzzle to scholars and a fruitful subject for romancers. Thirty years ago Wallis Budge, the English explorer, went there and tells of finding mummy chambers, but always cried off their treasure. He did, however, find pyramids, and it

was considered very remarkable that they should have been building these Egyptian monuments centuries after they had ceased to be built by the real Egyptians. It is probable that there was a return to ancient Egyptian ideas and that Egyptian enthusiasts went down to these wilds and shared in this revival of the old.

A Christian church dating from the time of the Apostles has been found at Soba, in the Soudan, a few miles above Khartoum, where the wild Dervishes ruled until recently.

But Isis and Osiris were worshipped in this region as late as the sixth century, although paganism had been officially abolished in the Roman Empire of which this formed a part. Some papyri have been discovered in the Thebaid, a part of Southern Egypt lying in the direction of the newly discovered tombs, showing the strange way in which these people combined Christianity and paganism. One of these documents begins in this way:

"In the name of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, the God and Saviour of us all, in the year of the reign of the most divine, great and beneficent Emperor Flavius Heraclius, the Eternal Augustus and Autocrat."

Thus in almost the same breath the revered Saviour and referred to the Roman Emperor as divine. The ancient Roman historians have left some interesting details concerning the fierce and warlike character of these people. The Emperor Diocletian in about 300 A. D. had trouble with a tribe called the Blemmyes, who made destructive invasions into Egypt. He then subdued a nation called the Nobatae to colonize the country of the Blemmyes and keep them from molesting the Nobatae.

The Nobatae and the Blemmyes then combined in attacking the Roman posts, and the Emperor was compelled to pay a large tribute to both to stop who their borders. It is thought the freshly spent tombs may have belonged to kings of the Nobatae.



Richest of the Crowns Found, Having the Form of the Egyptian Anel, or Friendly Crown.

Displaying the Head of Khnum, the Ram-God. Crowned Heads of Kings and Various Forms of Egyptian Symbolism.



One of the Three Crowns Found, Having a Christian Cross on the Head of a Dove.

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KELVINATOR PRICES GO UP SEPT. 1ST

BARGAIN
DAYS

*will soon
be gone*

... buy NOW and SAVE

THE big bargain days are almost over! Ever since the 21st of last March, Kelvinator prices have been sensationally low—the result of rock-bottom depression costs.

We knew these unheard of prices couldn't last. We said so when they were first announced; we've said so repeatedly ever since. A small increase was necessary on June 28th; now a greater one is coming September 1st.

Better Conditions Bring Higher Costs

Costs have risen from 22% to 102% on many materials used by Kelvinator. That means that times are better—it means more money in circulation—more jobs—returning prosperity.

But it also means that, after September 1st, your opportunity to buy a full-sized, full-powered, standard Kelvinator at to-day's "bargain" price will be gone, probably forever.

Save \$12.50 or More

That's why we say to you: "If you can possibly do so, buy your Kelvinator now. We don't know of any other sound investment you can make that will pay such a big dividend so quickly."

You will save all the way from \$12.50, on the beautiful standard Kelvinator which now sells for \$99.50,

to many times that amount on some of the larger models.

Established Prices Will Be Restored

Let us emphasize this: Kelvinator is not boosting prices to a new high level on September 1st, we are simply restoring the prices that were in effect last March before conditions made it possible to make a sensational but temporary reduction.

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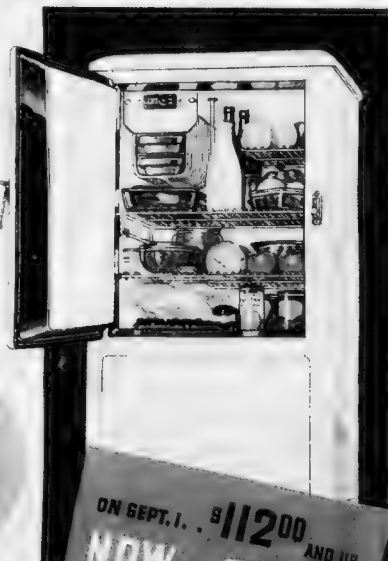
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KELVINATOR

The Dragon By Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 16)

the stern of the boat and hid it around the point of the island. I went down to the boat, and found that Grannis had evidently taken the risk. The table had been turned over, and the chairs were scattered about. I knew he'd got it. I think not. Anyway, there was no point in keeping the eye hidden where it was, so I got it and replaced it in the boat. Safest place now, Grannis would never think of looking for it there. Besides, I have another reason... tell you later.

"I was mooning around the boat wondering what to do next, and regretting very earnestly that Ling was dead... he would have been just the man I wanted to act for me with his boss, Lee—when I heard a faint cry from the water."

"Harkins!" exclaimed Marsha breathlessly.

Jernigan nodded, smiling; instantly, however, his expression became grave.

"The little fellow was almost gone. Two bullets aren't very heavy unless they're wound up skin... Harkins was shot in the chest, and high up on the left chest. The wound was a clean one; he'd lost a lot of blood and he was unconscious. The other shot, while not much of a wound, was the one that fooled the monks. It was outside the boat, but the shock had affected his heart. The water had revived him, was getting him back to his feet, but he was too weak to manage. The point of the island makes it very easy to reach the beach. He'd have made it all right."

"But you swam out and got him," Marsha interrupted. Her eyes were shining. "Oh, I'm glad! Is he...?"

"He's all right, I think. I tied him up with what was left of my shirt, and left him, not over half-hour ago, under the boat, pleading with me to fetch him one of his beloved 'gawpers,' the next trip I made."

"The next trip...?" Marsha asked curiously.

"The question apparently made Hugh uncomfortable.

"Well, you see," he explained haltingly. "I needed a little sleep, and I thought I might just as well lounge up on the hill there where I could watch, ah..."

Marsha laughed a little. "You saw me make my rope, too, I suppose."

Hugh nodded. "Good idea. We're going to use it now. We'll say bye-bye to Mr. Grannis—small but he can't hear us—and make for the boat. The tide's up, and I think it will be much of a job to haul the boat into the water and take advantage of the outgoing tide. Two pieces of matting or two we can rig up for sail—and a flat board or two for oars. Well..."

Marsha said hesitatingly. "Do you think that plan would be wiser than to wait for Lee Woo Fong? Couldn't you tie up Grannis or something to make sure he won't make trouble? Don't you think that if you could get the Dragon's Eye to Lee, he would...?"

Hugh shook his head doubtfully. She noticed that his eyes avoided her. His gaze dwelt broodingly upon Grannis.

"No...," he answered slowly. "No. Lee Woo Fong is an old, known quantity. Honorable as he may be according to his own code, there is too much chance that his sense of honor might work against our safety. We don't know when he may return. Hawkins must have medical attention now. I don't doubt that within the day we'll be picked up and helped along to Shanghai, if we can manage to get a few miles away from the island toward the mainland. Moreover..." He hesitated, and met her gaze. "I overheard some gossip among the monks. Two of them passed close by as I lay up on the hill."

Marsha felt her cheeks paling; she knew that Hugh saw the color drain from her face.

"You know, then?" he was nodding blackly. As mutely as she scowled, he turned his eyes lovingly upon the inert body of Grannis.

"That was this swine's suggestion, I believe. Blast that fellow! These eyes bred in us that prevents me from putting a bullet into him as he lies there. Hugh dropped to one knee and patted Grannis' clothes. He found one weapon—a knife; the revolver he recovered from the floor where it had fallen.

The knife he thrust within his own robe; he handed the gun to Marsha. He arose from the floor. With better humor, he said, "we'll go now. Believe me, it's best to leave the island while we can. The chief reason is this, even if he would, I'm a little in

doubt if Lee Woo Fong could handle this crowd on his island if he were not of his own kind."

Hugh grinned, and made a gesture with his arm.

"I think you, hater thing," replied Hugh with equal courtesy. "As it happened, my... indisposition was not so serious as I thought." The smile left his face; he stepped forward and abruptly flung his words at Lee Woo Fong.

"I take it that you visited the work of the Chang Wo. I believe also that the findings of your divers disappointed you. Moreover, I can safely say that you returned here considerably disturbed over your lack of success and with the intentions of reprimanding your agent, Grannis."

"Reprimanding..." repeated Lee. His voice was scarcely audible. "Your English words are sometimes singularly restrained."

Hugh took courage. He decided that this interview was indeed the show-down. Upon it depended the safety of Marsha, the cockney and himself. As he had told the girl last evening, he had no delusions regarding the ruthlessness of Lee's behavior if the three of them blocked in any way the plans of this Chinese patriot. Hugh knew the race well enough to realize that the man's very composure indicated a resolve that would be pitiless in its inexorable progression toward its goal. Hugh drew in his breath deeply. Not if he could help it would he permit his two companions and himself to fall foul of Lee's stern patriotism.

He said grimly. "It was my business to know those things. Believe me, Lee, my knowledge does not and will not interfere with your plan to possess the Eye of the Dragon! To the contrary my very knowledge has made it possible for us three—Miss Perry, Harkins and myself—to bring your search to a successful conclusion."

He'd touched him there, thought Hugh! A flicker of response shivered across Lee's eyes. The finger of the Chinese paused over the cushion.

Hugh plunged into the body of his story. He walked up and down the scutlery room, gesturing vividly, as if the very energy he showed would sway Lee Woo Fong.

He began with the rumors he had heard in the Canton tea shops regarding the purchase of the lost green talisman with Russian gold. Speaking of his knowledge of Grannis and his back, he admitted that he knew that the man was Lee's agent. However, he had not agreed with Lee's judgement in sending the fellow to recover the jade ball from the guards that the Reds had detailed to accompany it on its journey out of the country.

"My job, for which my Government pays me," said Jernigan, "was to insure the safe arrival of the Eye into responsible hands. The bolsheviks were not, of course, responsible parties according to the policy of my Government. I think, Lee, that as a

Chinese patriot, you are capable to decide whether or not the nation I represent would conclude that I have accomplished my task properly if I turned the Eye over to you and your group. It is needful to defend my Government's good-will. They demonstrated their altruism some years ago when they returned to China the Beyer indemnity money..."

Hugh believed that he saw Lee nod slightly.

"I know of Leigh Grannis by reputation," continued Hugh. "He is a man entirely without character. Conscienceless and a dandy. When he blew up the Chang Wo..."

"He exceeded his instructions," interrupted Lee.

"I believe that," replied Hugh thoughtfully. "It was unnecessary. He could have blown the ship's safe and escaped in the boat easily. Pursuit could have been avoided by crippling the engines and staying in the bottom of the lifeboats. Instead, he blew the bottom out of the steamer. By sheer chance Miss Perry and the Steward Harkins were saved. There was less chance but equal luck that I was near the escape boat when Grannis fled up from the purser's office with the jade ball he'd looted from the blown safe."

"I think that Grannis intended to sink the Chang Wo with all hands to cover his own escape. His intention was, I'm sure, to avoid meeting you if he could, and lead you to believe that he

had gone down in the steamer. In the meantime he would get away with the Eye."

"The ship's boat, however, was badly conditioned. There were no sails. The craft leaked like a sieve, and Grannis, whose love of life, I dare say, exceeds even his greed, changed his mind and decided to anchor at least part of the original plan and allow himself to be picked up by your junk. He thought, I am sure, that he could deceive you as to his possession of the Eye. As it was, his plan nearly worked. He sent you to the sunken steamer while he perfected his plans to leave the island in your absence."

"Miss Perry"—Hugh turned to the girl—"watched Grannis hide the Eye. While you were gone we escaped from our rooms and changed the hiding place of the talisman. Later, Grannis roused the monks so that they might destroy us. In the confusion he planned, probably, to escape the island in the ship's boat."

Marsha interrupted. "He told me that a junky was arriving at the island this evening. He was to have been smuggled to the mainland by the monks, with whom he made an agreement."

Hugh scowled. "We blocked that. He lies in a room below, unconscious, unless, of course, he has recovered enough to be crawling about."

Lee made a slight gesture. A

servant handed him his bamboo pipe, and lighted the peanut oil lamp upon the opium tray.

The Chinese murmured an apology. "My first pipe today," he said absently. "I use but two." He drew the smoke into his lungs, and half closed his eyes as he exhaled the vapor. When he opened them his eyes were curiously bright.

"Where is Loong Yen?"

Loong Yen, the Eye of the Dragon, thought Hugh. For the briefest of instants he wondered if he should tell Lee. He shrugged his shoulders slightly. He stated simply, "It is hidden under the back seat of the ship's boat."

Lee Woo Fong nodded approvingly. "Thank you. You are a wise man, Hugh Jernigan." Was it a smile that glowed across the lips of that inscrutable face? With a sense of satisfaction Hugh thought that it was; he was further reassured when Lee said, "Fearing the falling tide, the coward holds a shield above his head."

Lee was telling him then that they had nothing to fear. Hugh drew in a long breath.

"Would it be presumptuous," the American asked, "to request the use of your speed-boat?"

"As soon as it is gassed and oiled, you may leave with your two friends."

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